Prin. Your money. *Poin.* Villaines. *As they are ſharing, the Prince and Poines ſet vpon them, they all runne away, and Falſtalffe after a blow or two runs away too, leauing the bootie behinde them.*

Prin. Got with much eaſe. Now merrily to horſe: the theeues are ſcattered, and poſſeſt with feare ſo ſtrongly, that they dare not meete each other, each takes his fellow for an officer, away good Ned, Falſtalffe ſweates to death, and lards the leane earth as he walkes along, wer't not for laughing I ſhould pittie him.

Poines. How the rogue roar'd. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hotſpur ſolus, reading a letter.

But for mine owne part, my Lord, I could be well contented to bee there, in reſpect of the loue I beare your houſe.

He could be contented, why is he not then? in the reſpect of the loue he beares our houſe: he ſhewes in this, he loues his own barne better then he loues our houſe. Let me ſee ſome more.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous,

Why that's certaine, t'is dangerous to take a cold, to ſleepe, to drinke, but I tell you (my Lord foole) out of this nettle danger, we plucke this flower ſafetie.

The purpoſe you vndertake is dangerous, the friends you haue named vncertaine, the time it ſelfe vnſorted, and your whole plot too light, for the counterpoyſe of ſo great an oppoſition.

Say you ſo, ſay you ſo. I ſay vnto you againe, you are a ſhallow cowardly hinde, and you lye: what a lacke-braine is this? by the Lord our plot is a good plot, as euer was laid, our friends true and conſtant: a good plot, good friends, & ful of expectation: an excellent plot, very good friends; what a froſtie ſpirited rogue is this? why, my Lord of Yorke commends the plot, and the generall courſe of the Action. Zoundes and I were now by this raſcall, I could braine him with his Ladies fanne. Is there not my father, my vncle, and my ſelfe, Lord Edmond Mortimer, my Lord of Yorke, and Owen Glendower? is there not beſides the Dowglas? haue I not all their letters to meete me in armes by the ninth of the next month, and are they not ſome of them ſet forward alreadie? what a pagan raſcall is this, and infidel? Ha, you ſhall ſee now in very ſinceritie of feare and cold heart, will he to the King, and lay open all our proceedings. O, I could deuiſe my

my ſelfe, & go to bu
with ſo honorable a
are prepared: I will
How now Kate, I m
Lady. O my goo
For what offence ha
A baniſht woman f
Tell me, ſweet Lord,
Thy ſto make, plea
Why doſt thou ber
And ſtart ſo often w
Why haſt thou loſt
And giuen my treal
To thicke eyde muſ
In thy faint ſlumber
And heard thee mu
Speake tearmes of m
Cry courage to the f
Of ſallies, and retyr
Of pallizadoes, fron
Of baſilisks, of can
Of priſoners ranſom
And all the currents
Thy ſpirit within th
And thus hath ſo be
That beds of ſweat h
Like bubbles in a lat
And in thy face ſtra
Such as we ſee when
On ſome great ſudda
Some heauy buſines
And I muſt know it,
Hot. What ho, is
Ser. He is, my Lo
Hot. Hath Butler
Ser. One horſe,
Hot. What horſe
Ser. It is my Lord